









memory shall live, associated with that of Washington and Lafayette, while ever the cause of human liberty shall live. His name has become a word of liberty to the oppressed countries. The Polish mother teaches to her infant boy as model of his future character. To that name, gratitude has erected a memorial on the summit of a mountain, where many a generous Pole, in the day of his wretchedness, has uttered his death wail! But in characters of living lustre on the history of the world, and there it will stand forever! and should the tyrants ever blot the name of liberty from the memory of man, the name of Kosciuszko will endure, as with it, and his history will ever stand a monument to his principles! The thunders of the world are ringing with the dying lamentations of the oppressed, who have broken the silence of the tomb!—reared her unblemished crest, but it was only a voice of upbraiding against an ungenerous king with indifference on her wrongs, and then again to destruction! Her name is erased from the map of nations; but her destiny may not yet be decided, and the elements of her political being are but, and dispersed over the earth to purge it, and be decided whether they shall again be gathered and consolidated into a beautiful fabric of independent empire. Wherever her noble sons roam the world, they will go as the heralds of freedom, bespeaking by their noble bearing the spirit that actuates them; and her ruins are a monument consecrated to freedom in the midst of Europe, and tyranny. The sacrifices of her battle, looking before the eyes of heaven, will secure us interposition; the cries of her exiled children on the wintry blasts of Siberia, will reach the ears of God, and the day of redress to her wrongs, comes retribution to her oppressors, may yet come. The meeting will be held in Holliston, to commence on Monday evening, April 27, with an introductory sermon by Rev. B. Othman, and continue till Friday evening following. It is desirable that the members prepare themselves in their respective appointments as soon and as thoroughly as possible, that there may be no failures. The exercises are divided into three departments: Essays, in the form of Lectures, in the forenoon, Discourses in the afternoon, and Sermons in the evening.

#### JUNIOR PREACHERS' SOCIETY.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.  
The following is the order of exercises determined upon by the Committee of the Junior Preachers' Society, who were appointed to prepare the business of that occasion. The meeting will be held in Holliston, to commence on Monday evening, April 27, with an introductory sermon by Rev. B. Othman, and continue till Friday evening following. It is desirable that the members prepare themselves in their respective appointments as soon and as thoroughly as possible, that there may be no failures. The exercises are divided into three departments: Essays, in the form of Lectures, in the forenoon, Discourses in the afternoon, and Sermons in the evening.

Sermons.  
1. Sovereignty of God. J. HAMILTON.  
2. Divinity of Christ. C. K. TRUE.  
3. Human Depravity. J. HORTON.  
4. Baptism. J. PORTER.

Essays in the form of Lectures.  
1. On Conscience. H. CUMMINGS.  
2. A view of the changes and present character of the New England Ministry. F. P. TRACY.  
3. The German Theology. LA. ROY SUNDERSLAND.  
4. Present condition and future prospects of the Papal Church in Europe. S. W. COGGESHALL.  
5. The propriety of Institutions for Theological Education in the M. E. Church. A. W. SWINERTON.  
6. A view of the progress and present state of Ethical Science. E. OTHEMAN.  
7. Influence of Christianity on the interests of political governments. J. KNIGHT.  
8. A view of the Scholastic Theology. A. STEVENS.  
9. Consistency of the Mosaic Cosmogony with the discoveries of Geology. R. SPAULDING.  
10. The Deluge, as furnishing evidence of the truth of the Mosaic History. W. P. WHITE.  
11. The doctrine of the Millennium. W. LIVERLEY.  
12. The evidences of the final restoration of the Jews. J. HASCALL.  
13. The duty of the Christian Church to take the lead in directing popular education. D. PATTER.  
14. Utility of Church History as a study. J. DOWNING.  
15. Relation between the Moral and Intellectual Powers. E. DOWNING.

It will be expected that the preceding Essays be delivered publicly before the Society. They will probably occupy as much time as can be allotted to this department of the proceedings. The committee would request, however, that all the members not included in the above list, prepare, if convenient, dissertations on such subjects as they shall choose, and have them present to be read, or otherwise attended to, as the necessity of the meeting may require.

Discussions.  
1. Would it be proper for the M. E. Church to establish Theological Institutions, as preparatory for the gospel ministry?  
2. Is there any danger to be apprehended from the operations and tendencies of Popery, to the institutions of the United States?  
3. Is war, under any circumstances, justifiable by Christianity?  
4. Is the immediate abolition of Slavery, as it exists in the United States, a proper subject for the action of Christian Churches in their ecclesiastical capacity?

C. K. TRUE,  
H. CUMMINGS,  
A. STEVENS.

MARIA MONK.—The theological editor of the Pilot, Dr. Bartlett, dated the "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk," was mere nonsense of an old Spanish work, which he is the owner. This he could prove conclusively, by presenting parallel passages.—Until he does it, we must consider him mistaken.

The N. Y. Herald says that the book to which Dr. B. refers, who, by the way, is a good editor and a fair reporter, in general—has been found in a library in that city, and that there is not any resemblance between them. Theodore Dwight, Jr.—a gentleman well known in the community—is said to have taken these "disclosures" from the mouth of Miss Monk. We have not seen sufficient evidence why the statements should not be believed.

EXTRA.—We have just received an Extra of the Advocate and Journal, relative to the late fire in New York. It arrived too late for us to insert entire. From it we glean the following particulars, which we presume may be relied on as correct:—

The whole amount which can be safely calculated upon from the insurance companies, will not exceed \$25,000. By this calamitous event, the whole amount of stock on hand, consisting of books bound and unbound, and with the exception of from 300 to 400 dollars' worth, together with 31 printing-presses, types, and a quantity of stereotype plates, paper, together with the large building erected at an expense of about \$40,000, with all the furniture in the several offices, and many valuable papers, the Christian Advocate and Journal for the 19th inst., which was principally packed and ready for delivery, are entirely consumed. As a portion of the stereotype plates were secured in fire-proof vaults in the basement story, we have some hope that they may have been saved from the devouring element. Of this, however, we are at present unable to determine, as at the time we are preparing this article, they are unapproachable beneath the smouldering ruins and the tumbling walls. The account books, together with the General Conference trunk, and some other valuable papers, being deposited in a fire-proof vault, it has been ascertained, are all safely preserved. The mail-books of the Christian Advocate and Journal were rescued by the vigilance of the clerk of that department.

We cannot state exactly the entire amount of the loss, but, from a hasty estimate, taking the exhibit presented at the last session of the New York Conference as the basis, it cannot be less than 250,000 dollars. In no short time has so much property been consumed, which had

been gradually accumulating for about 50 years, and which, by its application to religious and charitable purposes, was aiding, as we humbly thought, to promote the present and future happiness of our fellow men.

After a statement of facts, our brethren make an APPEAL, to which we would call special attention. Who will refuse a generous response? We feel assured that Boston will not.

They appeal,  
1. To all those who are in debt to this Concern, either by notes or otherwise, or of account of our periodicals, the Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review, and Christian Advocate and Journal—to collect these outstanding debts, and to transmit the amounts at the earliest opportunity, we most earnestly and affectionately solicit the aid of our agents. In this pressing emergency, every cent will tell; and therefore we press this duty especially upon those delinquent subscribers to these periodicals, as the prompt payment of those dues would add to our available funds several thousand dollars; and their collection and payment at this time of need would be both a deed of charity and an act of justice.

2. We submit it to our preachers and friends, whether it would not be an act of benevolence worthy of the occasion, to bring this subject, one of the most calamitous in a pecuniary point of view, as well as substantial and spiritual, which has ever befallen us as a church, before their respective congregations, and solicit donations to help us repair our losses, and set this establishment again upon a permanent foundation.

We can the more confidently urge this from the consideration, that we have no other personal interest to serve than as members of the Methodist family, and as managers of a great public charity. In the first place, our Bible, Sunday School, and Tract Societies are deeply and calamitously affected by these heavy losses. All the books and tracts on hand, which had been published for these charitable institutions are consumed; and whether any of the stereotype plates on which they were printed will be saved from the devouring element, is yet problematical. And if we hold the book concern responsible for the amount of funds collected for these establishments, it will not only be destitute of capital, but will be considerably in debt. To keep in motion, therefore, these benevolent institutions, so essential to the welfare of our church, the liberality of our generous-hearted friends is strongly solicited.

Another weighty consideration, and one which, we are persuaded, will have its influence in every charitable heart, is, that the avails of this establishment have always been applied to the noblest of charities, namely, to assist in spreading the gospel among the poor, and to feed and clothe worn out preachers, their widows, and orphan children. By the blessing of God upon the management and operations of this establishment, it had been able for a few years past, to divide among the several annual conferences from \$500 to \$800 to each, annually. This dividend must, for the present, be entirely suspended, unless we find speedy response to the call, and partially so, even if our highest expectations are realized.

It is believed, therefore, that all who feel an interest in the welfare of the objects herein mentioned—the superannuated preacher, the poor widow, and helpless orphan—will likewise feel it a privilege to contribute their aid in an emergency like this.

N. BANGS,  
B. WAUGH,  
T. MERRITT,  
MAJOR.

Book Committee.

JOHN B. STRATTON,  
JOHN K. BROWN,  
SAMUEL COCHRAN,  
DANIEL DE VINNE,  
JAMES YOUNG,  
JOHN TACKABERRY,  
NATHAN BANGS,  
TIMOTHY MERRITT.

But twelve hours after this noble structure fell, the citizens of New York had contributed \$13,000 to rebuild it!

Every society, even the most indigent, should do something, and do it promptly. "Liberty and immediately" should be the watchword. Dorchester has already made its contribution, and sent it on. Boston is rousing itself. Of whom shall we hear next?

STRIKING.—The New York Commercial states that at the meeting of citizens in the Methodist church in Greene street, held last evening, for the purpose of taking measures to rebuild the noble structure known as "the Methodist Book-Room," Dr. Bangs related the following remarkable incident. Among the burning fragments of books and printed sheets which were whirled aloft upon the wings of the flames, and borne onward upon those of the wind, was a page of the Bible containing the 14th chapter of Isaiah. It was picked up on the morning of the conflagration, about twelve miles distant, on Long Island, and before the catastrophe was known there. It was indeed a winged messenger of truth, in a double sense, for the fact is not less striking than authentic, that every word of the page was so marked as to be illegible, save the eleventh verse, which read in the words following:

"Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is BURNED UP WITH FIRE: and all our pleasant things, ARE LAID WASTE!"

There is something worthy the pen of "Justitia."

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON METHODIST TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.  
An adjourned Meeting of the Boston Methodist Temperance Society was held on Wednesday Evening last, at the Vestry of the Bromfield street Church.

An amendment of the 3d Article of the Constitution having been proposed at a previous meeting of the Society, was acted upon. After some remarks by several members of the Society, it was—

"Voted, That the amendment be adopted." The Article as amended will read thus:—

ART. III. "At the annual meeting for the choice of officers, a committee shall be appointed to nominate a list of officers for the ensuing year, to consist of a President, two Vice Presidents, Treasurer, Secretary, and ten Directors, who together shall constitute the Executive Committee, five of whom shall form a quorum for the transaction of business. The Executive Committee shall have power to fill all vacancies in the Board."

In pursuance with the above article, the following list of officers for the ensuing year was nominated and elected:—

WILLIAM C. BROWN, President.  
WILLIAM WATERHOUSE, Vice Presidents.  
ALBERT H. BROWN, Secretary.  
JOHN D. BABBITT, Treasurer.

Directors.—Milton Daggett, Sam'l Bird, Leonard Wilson, John Borrowdale, Henry Chapman, Charles B. Mason, David H. Ellis, William C. Evans, Milton Gale, Benj. H. Barnes.

Some other business was transacted and resolutions passed relating to the Society, after which the meeting adjourned.

Published by vote of the Society.  
JOHN D. BABBITT, Sec'y.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Rev. O. Scott's notice of our Southern Correspondent next week.

We have received from an esteemed friend two addresses—one upon the *Missionary Work*, the other upon *Musie*—which, owing to their length, we must decline publishing. The writer intimates that they might be issued in pamphlet form. It would afford us pleasure to do so, but the addresses not being of local interest, we fear a sufficient number would not sell to defray the cost of them. They are subject to his order.

Several other communications on hand.

"A Subscriber" is informed that we have not a copy of the Southern Christian Herald containing the obnoxious sentence to which he refers. Besides, the entire article

was too long to copy. Its whole sentiment, however, was similar to our extract.

Rev. G. Storrs' proposition will appear in our next.

TO THE DELEGATES.  
The subscribers have agreed to start (Providence permitting) for the General Conference, Monday, April 18th. The other members of the New England delegation, together with the New Hampshire and Maine delegates, are respectfully invited to meet us in New York City, Wednesday morning, 20th of April, and go on with us. The place of meeting in New York will hereafter be given. We have made inquiries, and are of opinion that the best route will be by the way of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. We have not determined whether we shall spend the first Sabbath after we leave home at Philadelphia, or go further. We believe we can go from Philadelphia to Cincinnati in a week. We may, however, think it best to go to Pittsburgh, to spend the Sabbath. We can go the whole distance by rail-road, canal, and steamboats.

"As the New England Conference elected no representatives, we hope all the delegates will attend if possible. We solemnly owe it to that branch of the Church with which we are connected, to execute faithfully the trust committed to us by the suffrages of our brethren.

A. MERRILL,  
O. SCOTT,  
P. CRANFILL,  
C. VIRGIN,  
D. FILLMORE.

The attention of the Junior Preachers is invited to the notice of the approaching meeting of their Society at Holliston. We hope it will be generally attended. The hope of the Church rests upon the vigorous intellects, warm piety, and public enterprise of its young men.

REV. DR. FISK.—A Correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial writes from Paris thus:—

We have lately enjoyed a visit from your excellent friend, the Rev. Dr. Fisk, President of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn. He staid about six weeks, and preached every Sabbath at the Wesleyan chapel, (the Rev. Mr. Newstead's), No. 6 Rue d'Anjou, which is in the lower story of the house in which General Lafayette lived, when in this city, and in which he died. I am happy to say that Dr. F. delighted, and I hope, profited all who heard him. He made many acquaintances, while here, and employed well his time in seeing whatever was worthy of his notice. He is now on his way to Italy.

REVIVAL.  
CONCORD, N. H.  
The Lord is still converting souls, in this place. Thirty-three have joined the society since conference, and there are many who are searching for the "good old way." Our congregation increases, and general seriousness prevails. Praying for the poor slaves does not drive our people away, nor prevent the work of the Lord. All the preachers in this place are in favor of the abolition of Slavery, and the prejudices of the people I think are giving way. The true light now shineth. Blessed be the Lord!

Yours, &c. SAMUEL HOYT.

P. S. Perhaps I ought to say, that the work of sanctification is going on in the church; and that the Baptists are having a revival.

[From a Correspondent.]  
Mr. Editor:—I was pleased with the notice you took of *William Hartwell*, and of the paper which printed this notice. Let such men, and such newspapers, be held up to the gaze and scorn of the virtuous and good. By the way, I have been informed that many Methodists in N. H. patronize this vile paper, in preference to *Zion's Herald*, the Advocate. Is this true, Mr. Editor?

(Aside.) When did your correspondent, G. H. L., visit the American Capitol? (b)

What do you mean by "ten cent subscriptions" mentioned in the last Herald? (c)

It was with deep mortification and astonishment that I read your remark in the last Herald, that brother Garrett, editor of the Western Methodist, introduced into his paper, the infamous note of Mr. Speight, containing a sentiment decidedly of a murderous character—a sentiment, for the utterance of which, he has lost his character as a gentleman, and for which he ought to lose his seat in Congress. Mr. Speight had no provocation for the utterance of such a sentiment. A copy of "the Protest" was sent to every member of Congress, the object of which was, that the first men in the nation might know the sentiments of the Abolitionists, and then they would be better qualified to act upon that part of the President's Message relative to the detention and destruction of their public ships. The evident meaning of Mr. Speight's note, is the expression of a wish, that the authors of the Protest might be hung, and the editor of a religious newspaper endorsed this sentiment, by copying the note into his paper, and calling it "Good." Such a sentiment, by whomsoever uttered, richly merits universal execration, and ought to disqualify both the man alluded to, for the offices which they hold.

Yours, &c.

(a) We believe it—sorry to say it.

(b) (In a whisper.) Guess.

(c) We mean that last year, ten-cent collections were taken up in each society for the relief of the superannuated and worn-out Preachers—and that it would be well to do this.

ITEMS.  
On Thursday evening the wife of Mr. Michael Lane, in Sea street, was shockingly burnt by her clothes taking fire from shavings on the hearth.

Mrs. Eliza Reed, a lady who lately arrived at the Hanover Hotel, from New York, committed suicide in her room on Tuesday last week, by taking laudanum. She was about 45 years of age, and has relatives residing in this city. She had a daughter who destroyed herself in the same manner about two years since.

John Merrick, Esq. of Hallowell, Me., has erected during the past summer, at his own expense, a neat and commodious Meeting House in Dover, Penobscot county, which he has presented to the Methodist E. Church in that town.

There was a destructive fire at Albany on Monday night of last week, which destroyed property to the amount of 15,000 or \$20,000. The thermometer stood at 18 deg. below zero.

The house of widow Patten, in Greenfield, Conn., was burnt down on Thursday last, and we regret to add, she perished in the flames. She was 76 years of age.

On the evening of the 15th inst. the roof of the Methodist Episcopal Society in the west part of Plymouth, N. H., fell in, carrying with it the northerly end of the wall, and doing great injury. The roof was loaded with snow.

A widow woman, the mother of the child, was burnt to death while in a state of intoxication, last week, in Philadelphia.

Mr. James Greer, of Belmont, Me., committed suicide a few days since, by hanging himself in his barn. He was an honest, industrious, temperate and independent farmer, about forty-five years of age.

A young woman named Betty Eastman, committed suicide in Enfield, N. Y., last week, by cutting her throat. No cause is known for the commission of the deed.

A store on the corner of Wall and Water streets, New York, for which the owner thought \$1000 a fair rent, not a great while ago, now brings him \$6000—a very pretty per cent.

A mould for casting American half dollars, was lately found in one of the streets of Montreal. Many counterfeit coins of that denomination are said to be in circulation there.

Last week, while several small boys were playing near the public school-house in Sullivan street, New York, the snow suddenly fell from the roof and buried beneath it two of them. One named William Goodale, son of Mr. Wm. Goodale, was suffocated before relief could be afforded him. The other, named William Elder, was much injured.

Mrs. Rebecca Peake, who at the late term of the Orange County Court, Vermont, was convicted of the murder of Ephraim Peake, of Randolph, and sentenced to be hung on the 26th ult., died in jail, on Monday the 15th ult.

A German paper states the consumption of brandy in Sweden has increased from five to twenty millions of bottles within the last 40 years. It is scarcely necessary to add, that crimes and suffering have increased, and the population diminished in due proportion.

A letter from New Orleans states that a duel had taken place between Mr. Frimbley and Mr. Spencer, both connected with the theatre. The latter fired before the word was given, and killed his antagonist. A corner's jury had given a verdict of wilful murder. Spencer had fled.

The devastation and ruin already caused by Osceola, the Seminole Indian Chief, amounts to a million of dollars! The extensive Coach Factory of Messrs. Brewster & Collis, at New Haven, Conn., was destroyed by fire on Thursday night last. Loss \$60,000, of which \$32,000 is insured in Boston.

FOREIGN.—English papers to Jan. 22d have been received. When the news of the New York fire reached Paris, subscriptions in aid of the more indigent sufferers were immediately opened, both by French and American gentlemen.

On the night of Jan. 6th, the whole of the wine-store of M. Sprenger and M. Motz, on the Façade des Chartons, at Bordeaux, were consumed by fire, together with nearly 3000 pipes of the finest wines—loss estimated at 700,000 francs.

At Barcelona, deplorable excesses were committed on the 4th inst. More than a hundred prisoners were massacred by the populace. The disturbance continued on the 5th. All persons suspected of Carlist incurred the danger of being assassinated.

A letter from Bayonne states that 6000 rebels entered the town of Catalonia, and burnt 60 houses.

PAYMENTS FOR THE HERALD.  
Received from the 22d to the 29th inst.

J. Upton, Jr., J. Mansfield, J. Belcher, N. H. Fletcher, A. Sprague, C. C. Wing, W. Noyes, A. Leland, L. Howard, L. D. Tving, C. Franklin, T. Willis, S. Felch, J. Manning, Z. Fairbanks, W. Butler, H. Chase, W. Daggett, R. Wilson, E. Francis, S. Austin, C. Sweetland, D. Bliss, S. Chase, C. L. Britton, A. Buck, F. White, A. M. Norton, S. Leonard, H. Skinner, E. Fisk, L. Clark, M. Garland, T. Berry, S. Hatch, Jr., J. Edney, B. Carlin, J. Knowlton, R. Catter, S. Towle, S. Pennington, S. Crowell, J. Gile, M. Tenant, J. Elliott, E. Weston, J. Whitney, J. Adams, W. Hatch, W. Hurlbert, D. I. Woodward, S. Davenport, O. Stead, and P. Hull, \$2 each.

D. S. Jones, and E. Worthing, \$1 each.—E. Burgess, \$2 each.—J. Fiske, D. H. Wilson, P. Parsons, M. Post, E. Crowell, W. Weeks, E. P. Dana, M. Haggard, E. W. Payne, S. Johnson, and N. Nutt, \$1 each.

COMMUNICATIONS.  
E. Scott—A Leland—A. K. Howard (it is right)—D. S. King—E. Mason (yes)—A. Joselyn—F. Dana—P. Townsend—A. Submitter—H. Gross—R. H. Spaulding, (it is right, and you have our thanks in addition)—G. D. Strout—S. Hoyt—J. B. Perry—S. Robinson, J. Hazleton—A. Green Mountain Boy—J. Perkins—J. Cummings (it was sent to Ludlow, Mass., by mistake. We have sent the back number)—G. Thompson (it has never been paid by the person you mention).

Boston Prices Current.

APPLES, new, . . . . . from \$1.50 to 2.25  
BEANS, white, per bushel, . . . . . 1.75  
BEEF, mess, lbl., . . . . . 10.00 11.00  
CARGO, No. 1, . . . . . 9.25 9.50  
COFFEE, Java, per cask, . . . . . 7.50 7.62  
BEEFWAX, American, lbl., . . . . . 26  
BUTTER, imported, No. 1, lb., . . . . . 19 22  
CHEESE, new milk, lb., . . . . . 8  
FLOUR, northern, heavy, lb., . . . . . 42 45  
FLOUR, southern, heavy, lb., . . . . . 42 45  
FLAX, American, lb., . . . . . 9 10  
FISH, cod, per cask, . . . . . 2.50  
FLOUR, Genesee, lbl., . . . . . 8.00  
BALTIMORE, Howard street  
BALTIMORE, wharf, . . . . . 7.50 7.62  
ALEXANDRIA, (new), lb., . . . . . 7.50 7.62  
GRAIN, Corn, southern yellow, pe. bushel, . . . . . 70 72  
WHEAT, southern yellow, . . . . . 82 85  
RICE, white, . . . . . 1.00 1.10  
RICE, northern, . . . . . 1.05 1.10  
Barley, . . . . . 90 100  
Oats, northern, (prime), . . . . . 65 70  
HAY, best, per ton, . . . . . 25.00 26.00  
Eastern, do., . . . . . 21.00 23.00  
Hard pressed, . . . . . 21.00 23.00  
HONEY, gallon, . . . . . 13 14  
HOPS, per cask, (new) lb., . . . . . 13 14  
LARD, Boston, 1st sort, lb., . . . . . 12 13  
LARD, Southern, . . . . . 11 12  
LEATHER, slaughter, sole, lb., . . . . . 19 20  
do. upper, . . . . . 12 14  
Dry Hide, sole, . . . . . 19 21  
do. upper, . . . . . 18 20  
Philadelphia, sole, . . . . . 27 29  
BALTIMORE, do., . . . . . 25 27  
Lard, best, sort, cask, . . . . . 1.20 1.25  
PORK, Mass., inspection, extra clear, lbl., . . . . . 22.00 23.00  
Navy, mess, . . . . . 18.00 19.00  
Butte, middlings, . . . . . —  
SEEDS, Herd's Grass (new) bushel, . . . . . 75 90  
Red Top, northern, bushel, . . . . . 10 11  
Red Clover, northern, lb., . . . . . 10 11  
White Dutch Housewheat, lb., . . . . . —  
SILK Cocoons, American, bushel, . . . . . 8.50 9.00  
TALLOW, tried, cwt., . . . . . 65 70  
Wool, prime or Saxony Fleeces, lb., . . . . . 65 70  
Portugal, washed, . . . . . 55 58  
American, 1st washed, . . . . . 55 58  
American, 2nd washed, . . . . . 38 40  
Pulled superfine, . . . . . 55 60  
1st Lambs, . . . . . 50 54  
2d Lambs, . . . . . 40 44  
3d Lambs, . . . . . 30 35  
1st spinning, . . . . . 43 50  
Southern pulled wool is generally 5 cents less per lb.

PROVISION MARKET.  
RETAIL PRICES.

BUTTER, tub, lb., . . . . . 18 20  
do. lmp., . . . . . 22 25  
CIDER, hbl., . . . . . 1.75 2.00  
HAMS, northern, . . . . . 11 12  
do. Southern, . . . . . 11 12  
EGGS, dozen, . . . . . 20 25  
PORK, whole logs, lb., . . . . . 30 35  
POTATOES, per bushel, . . . . . 10 15  
POULTRY, . . . . . 10 15

[N. E. Farmer.

[From the Daily Advertiser and Patriot.]  
BRIGHTON MARKET.—MONDAY, FEB. 22, 1836.  
At market 565 beef cattle, and 880 sheep.

PRICES. *Beef Cattle*.—Last week's prices for a like quality, were hardly supported. Most of the best qualities were at market, consequently a larger number brought our highest quotations. We noticed a few yokes extra taken at 41s 3d, and a yoke or two at something more. We quote first quality 36s a yoke; second quality at 30s a yoke 6d; third quality, 24s a yoke 6d.

*Sheep*.—We noticed sales as follows: several lots were selected, and several entire, viz: 24s, 30s, 33s, 36s, 39s, and 42s.

*Swine*.—None at market.

NOTICES.  
A Four Days Meeting will commence in Portsmouth, R. I., on Tuesday, March 8. As the flock in this place are without a shepherd, the brethren in the ministry in the vicinity of this place are earnestly requested to attend.

JOHN B. COOKE,  
In behalf of the Church.  
Portsmouth, R. I., Feb. 23, 1836.

A Protracted Meeting will commence at Newton Upper Falls, Mass., on Tuesday, March 22. Brethren in the ministry are respectfully invited to attend.

[If we shall write no letters, they may bring us sufficient aid. We depend upon your assistance, brethren! Shall we be disappointed? We beseech you to come to our help, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, prepared for a mighty victory.]

N. B. SPAULDING.

MARRIED.  
In this city, Mr. John Fowler to Miss Eliza R. Jones. —Mr. Thomas P. Smith to Miss Eliza W. Smith. —Mr. Alfred N. Pollard to Miss Eliza Wade. —Mr. Leander G. Dutton to Miss Sarah Emmons. —Rev. J. W. Eaton to Miss Sarah E. Cady.

In Harvard, Mr. Edward Sawyer, of Boston, to Miss Rebecca Fairbanks.

In South Yarmouth, by Rev. George Winchester, Mr. Freeman Baker, of Falmouth, to Miss Lucy Baker, of Yarmouth. —Mr. Alfred N. Pollard to Miss Eliza Wade. —Mr. Leander G. Dutton to Miss Sarah Emmons. —Rev. J. W. Eaton to Miss Sarah E. Cady.

—Mr. Jeremiah Crowell to Miss Angeretta Matthews: all of Yarmouth.

DIED.  
In this city, on Tuesday morning, 23d ult., Mr. Edward Thomas Hawley, formerly of Windsor, Vt., 25.—Samuel Snelling, Esq., 68.—Mrs. Catharine Frances, wife of Mr. Henry Wood.—Mr. Elbridge G. Lakenan.—Mr. Eleazer Howard, 64.—Mrs. Betsey, wife of Mr. Jonathan Preston, 25. [Whole number of deaths in this city last week, 18.]

In Waltham, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Dea. Phineas Lawrence.

In Chelmsford, 22d inst., Mrs. Charles Hildreth Pitts, wife of Capt. James Pitts, 60.

In S. Yarmouth, 19th ult., Mr. Cyrus Blanchard, 48.

In New York, 22d inst., Joice Heth, said to have been the nurse of George Washington, at the great age of 162 years.



## Poetry.

[From the L. I. Star.]  
CAMP MEETING.

"Then rose from earth to sky that wondrous light!"—*Byron.*  
Then rose from earth to heaven that chorus wild!  
Then shrieked the sinner, and then sang the saint;  
And some howled agony; whilst others smiled;  
And some, who from the pole had been exiled,  
Grew tired of husks, and, trembling, sick, and faint,  
But clothed in penitence, drew round the board,  
And, as they took their food, they silently adored.

And then a pause—a hushed and hallowed calm!  
A stillness only broken by the breeze;  
A roof of stars and sky-distilling balm,  
O'er watch-fires, beauty, youth, age, tents and trees;  
And then the chanting of some holy psalm,  
Which soothed the sad, and set their souls at ease;  
And then one general voice that rent the air  
And seemed to lift the earth to heaven by prayer.

Our Lord's last supper! O that solemn rite;  
How oft I've wept thereat in glaze of day;  
But purer tears have shed, when rayless night  
Hung o'er the sacred feast, its dark array;  
Methinks the Chief of Sin reverses the sight;  
And with a watery eye must turn away,  
While we frail mortals quake, and scarcely dare  
Look, lest we find a lurking darts there.

O Beauty—thou sweet poetry of sense!  
I've seen thy manly blush at Fashion's shrine,  
When eyes speak volumes, and, with gate intense,  
Sent their corrupted glances in thine;  
But ne'er hath Fashion, with profuse expense,  
Arrayed a form so lovely and divine,  
As her, all unadorned, who pressed the God  
With beaded knee, and gave herself to God!

M. McN.

## HOME.

If ever love, the first, the best,  
The sweetest dream to mortals given,  
One little spot of earth has dressed  
With dew and rays the flowers of Heaven,  
It is that spot of verdant green,  
Where virtue and her handmaids come,  
To deck with simple charms the scene  
And bless the holy haunts of home.

If ever Hope, that to the heart,  
Is as the sunshine to the flower,  
Comes to the spirit to impart  
Her sweetest and her freest power,  
'Tis when pale sorrow waves her shroud,  
The darkest in life's vaulted dome,  
And sweetly beams upon the cloud,  
Her rainbow promise pointing home.

[Trenton Emporium.]

## Biographical.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died, in Salisbury, Feb. 15, 1836, Capt. JOHN DOLE, aged 59 years.

In writing the notice of the death of a friend, it is not our intention to give "last words," or the "sayings of the death-bed." I believe that in general, as such things are published, their publication is productive of no good, and is not unfrequently the cause of evil. Our reasons are these:

1. When sickness has worn down the human body, or when the excitement of fever has affected the brain, the mind has neither a healthy action, nor does it show forth its true condition.—All who have been in any degree conversant with the sick, are well aware that the mind, sympathizing with the body, is often enfeebled when the body is afflicted. The individual who in health preserves his feelings free from agitation, and is unaffected by circumstances which cause excitement to others, when laid on the sick bed, is often unnerved in spirit and rendered unfit for any healthy mental action whatever. In such a state of body and mind, it cannot be expected that the expressions which the sick man utters, can be any true indication of his spiritual condition. We sometimes find persons, whose lives have been the brightest example of the Christian character, when reduced by sickness, given to despondency, and even die with dark clouds enshrouding their future prospects. We should certainly do injustice to the departed to say, that the persons thus dying had gone to the world of woe. The Bible assures us that as we sow so shall we reap. If while in health we live as Christians, serve God with all our capabilities—if life's great end has been answered—then surely though our sun may, through bodily infirmity, set in a cloud, there is no fear but all will be well beyond the grave.—On the other hand, where individuals, who have passed their lives in wickedness, seem to be soundly converted on their death-bed, we cannot know the true condition of their souls from what they say just before leaving the world. Or, at least, it is unsafe to trust to what is then said. I do not deny that souls may be saved at the "eleventh hour," nor am I ignorant that the Bible gives the story of a dying penitent thief. But this instance stands alone, in impressive solitude, telling us in the strongest language, that though death-bed conversions may be possible, if men would die in peace, they must render to God the service of their lives.

2. The Bible does not sanction any thing of the kind. In all its instructions, it holds up to our view the *lives* rather than the *deaths* of patriarchs, prophets and apostles; and while no small portion of its teachings is drawn from the *living character*, we find few histories of *dying hours*. The accounts of a few deaths, we allow, are given; but those few seem to have been recorded for other purposes than teaching the living how to live.

If then the state of the body in sickness does not warrant our taking the expressions of the sick as the true indication of piety on the heart, and if the Bible, which is our standard of all teaching, in guiding men through this world to a better inheritance in heaven, does not give instruction by death-bed remarks, then surely, if we would pursue the best course in leading mankind to serve their Creator, we ought not to give to the world the sayings of the sick and the dying, as the true criterion of the soul's condition in regard to eternity.—Other reasons might be given in support of our views, but for the present these are sufficient.

From what has been said, it may be inferred, that I do not intend to give the dying words of the individual whose name stands at the head of this article. It must not be thought, however, that the instance before us was one in which dark clouds obscured the spiritual vision of our departed friend, and that on account of that darkness of soul, we have taken occasion to make these introductory remarks. No hope could be stronger—no faith could be more unyielding—no prospect of future glory could be

brighter than his. If any one ever died supported, in his trying moments, by the consolations of religion, it was surely our departed brother.

Our object in making these introductory remarks has been simply to state what we believe to be a proper course in preparing obituary notices. No other course would seem to be proper, but that which benefits the living. We believe that instruction from the dead is best given, not by merely showing how one died, but how he *lived*. Hence a *sketch of character*, we think, is the only suitable subject for an obituary notice. If such a sketch can be given as will be instructive and beneficial to the world, then let it be given; but if there is merely a sketch of "death-bed repentance," or an account of that portion of life after conversion, which is too short to test the Christian character, and give a full display of the Christian virtues, then such a sketch will only hold out to men the idea that repentance may be deferred to the hour of death, and hence should not be given.

The deceased, though for fifty years he lived without the hope of the gospel, always sustained an unblemished moral character. Integrity of heart was fully displayed in all his intercourse with his fellow men. He did not spend the unconverted portion of life in a manner regardless of religion or of its professors. He evinced through all the early portion of his life a deep reverence for the worship of God; nor did he ever hesitate to declare that the Christian was the only character that was truly happy, and that he alone was prepared to meet his Creator in peace.

He lived without religion till he came under the influence of Methodist preaching. He was not, however, without previous serious impressions; for he had many seasons when the influence of the Holy Spirit was powerfully felt. Often while absent from his friends, at sea—as he pursued a maritime life—was he arrested with strong convictions; yet these all wore away, and salvation never came to his soul till the time when a church was established in this place, under the pastoral labors of Rev. B. Othman. He had previously attended meeting in Salisbury, but for the convenience of his family, on the establishment of the church he joined the congregation that assembled here.

Through the instrumentality of class-meetings, convictions strong and deep rested on his mind. For about the space of two days he was borne down with grief and sorrow for sin. When relieved of his burden, his joy was great—the evidence that his sins were forgiven was clear—and from the period of his conversion to the hour of his death, his prospects of immortality were bright and unclouded. He left us the strong assurance that he is now in a better world.

His sickness was protracted upwards of thirteen months. His body was worn down and enfeebled by the ravages of disease, and for most of the period that he was confined to his house, his bodily sufferings were very severe. Yet amid all his anguish he never murmured nor repined,—thus exhibiting to his afflicted friends the power of true religion.

For several years he was a steward and trustee in the church with which he was connected. He has shared the confidence and lived in the esteem of those who were united with him in the bonds of Christian fellowship. To them his death is the cause of deep sorrow, as in them they sustain a great loss. Yet in his death there is great joy, as it was triumphant and victorious. As in his life he taught the Christian how to live, so in his sickness and death he showed him how to suffer and die.

He has left a widow and nine children to mourn his departure; yet they mourn not as those without hope. They have lost a kind and affectionate protector—a friend highly endeared. Through life no man could exhibit to those who depended on him for support, more of true affection than he. Though their loss is such that nothing earthly can ever repair it, yet they would not wish to call him back from the mansions of the blest, to the sorrow and affliction which he endured while here.

His memory will be dear to us, and he will not soon be forgotten. To his afflicted family we tender our most sincere sympathies, and in their behalf offer our most fervent prayers.

J. SANBORN.

Newburyport, Feb. 20, 1836.

## Miscellaneous.

## INFLUENCE OF A WIFE.

"Why do you keep me for so long a time at the door?" said Edward F.—passionately to his wife. The night had passed, but his cold wind had entered the house, as Mrs. F.—with sorrowful heart undid the lock.

"It is late, Edward, and I could not keep from slumbering." He said nothing in return to this, but flung himself into a chair and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed upon his knee, and putting his arm round his father's neck, whispered, "Papa, what has mamma been crying for?" Mr. F.—started and shook off his boy; and said with violence, "Get to bed, sir; what business has your mother to let you be up at this late hour?" The poor child's lower lip pouted, but he was at the time too much frightened to cry. His sister silently took him up and when he reached his cot, his warm heart discharged itself of its noisy grief. The mother heard his crying, and went to him—but she soon returned to the parlor. She leaned upon her husband, and thus addressed him:

"Edward, I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me, but I implore you not to act in this manner before your children. You are not, Edward, as you used to be! Those heavy eyes tell of wretchedness, as well as bad hours. You wrong me, you wrong yourself, thus to let my hand show I am your wife, but at the same time let your heart know singleness in matters of moment. I am aware of the kind of society in which you have lately indulged. Tell me, Edward—for Heaven's sake tell me!—we are ruined, is it not so?"

Edward had not a word to say to his wife; but a man's tears are more awful than his words.

"Well be it so, Edward!—our children may suffer from our fall, but it will redouble my exertions for them. And as for myself, you do not know me, if you think that circumstances can lessen my feeling for them. A woman's love is like the plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself, my husband; it is true your father has cast you off, and you are indebted to him in a serious sum; but he is not all the world—only consider your wife in that light."

A slight tap was now heard at the door, and Mrs. F.—went to ascertain the cause. She returned to

her husband—"Mary is at the door; she says you always kissed her before she went to bed."

"My child, my child," said the father, "God bless you; I am not well, Mary. Nay, do not speak to me! Go to rest now; give me one of your pretty smiles in the morning, and your father will be happy again."

Mr. F.—was persuaded by his affectionate partner to retire; but sleep and rest were not for him—his wife and children had once given him happy dreams; but now the ruin he had brought upon them, was an awakening reality. When the light of the morning faintly appeared above the line of the opposite houses, Mr. F. arose.

"Where are you going, Edward?" said his watchful wife.

"I have been considering," he replied calmly; "and I am determined to try my father. He loved me when I was a boy—he was proud of me. It is true I have acted dishonorably by him, and should, no doubt, have ruined him. Yesterday I spoke harshly of him, but I did not then know myself. Your deep affection, my dear wife, has completely altered me. I can never forget my ill temper towards you. But I will make up for it—I will—indeed I will. Nay, don't grieve me in this way—this is worse to me than all. I will be back soon."

The children appeared in the breakfast-room—Mary was ready with her smile, and the boy was anxious for the notice of his father. In a short time Mr. F.—returned.

"We must sink, my love! He will not assist me. He upbraided me—I did not, I could not answer him a word. He spoke kindly of you and our little ones, but he cast us off forever!"

The distressed man had scarcely said this, when a person rudely came in. The purport of his visit was soon perceived. In the name of F.—'s father, he took possession of the property, and had the power to make F. prisoner.

"You shall not take papa away," said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.

"Mamma," whispered Mary, "must my father go to prison? Won't they let us go too?"

"Here comes my authority," said the deputy sheriff. The elder Mr. F.—doggedly placed himself in a chair.

"You shall not take my papa away," cried out the little boy to his grandfather.

"Whatever may have been my conduct, sir," said the miserable Edward, "this is unkind in you. I have not a single feeling for myself; but my wife, my children!—you have no right to harass them with your presence."

"Nay, husband," responded Mrs. F.—, "think not of me. Your father cannot distress me. I have not known you from your childhood as he has done, but he shall see how I can cling to you—can be proud of you in your poverty. He has forgotten his youthful days—he has lost sight of his own thoughtless years."

The old gentleman directed his law agent to leave the room. He then slowly but nervously answered thus:

"Madam, I have not forgotten my own thoughtless days. I have not forgotten that I once had a wife as amiable and noble-minded as yourself, and I have not forgotten that your husband was her favorite child. An old man hides his sorrows—but let not this world think him unfeeling, especially as this world taught him to do so. The distress that I have this moment caused was premeditated on my part. It has had its full effect. A mortal gets a vice by single steps, and many think the victim must return by degrees. I knew Edward's disposition, and that with him a single leap was sufficient. That leap he has taken. He is again in my memory as the favorite of his poor mother; the laughing-eyed young pet yet of a—pshaw!—of an old fool!—for why am I crying?"

Little Mary had insensibly drawn herself towards the old philosopher, and without uttering a word, pressed his hand and put her handkerchief to her eyes. The boy also now left his parents, and walked up to his grandfather, and leaning his elbow on the old man's knees, and turning up his round cheek, said, "Then you won't take papa away?"

"No, my little impudent rascal; but I'll take you away, and when your mother comes for you, I will treat her so well that I'll make your father follow after."

Thus came happiness at the heel of ruin. If husbands often appreciated the exquisite and heavenly affection of their wives, many happier firesides would be seen. "One in love and one in mind," ought to be the motto of every married pair. And fathers would many a time check imprudence, if they were to make use of reflection and kindness, rather than prejudice and strictness.

## HIRING A COOK.

"If it were only a wife, now that I wanted, there would be hope for me—but a cook!—Well, as it turns too hard for my love, to venture out, I must go," said Mr. Manning. "I regret the necessity," my dear; "but this is the day, and if the woman does not hear from me, she will doubtless engage herself—and she refuses to call here."

"How I wish we could have a patent invention for cooks as well as cooking stoves!" thought Mr. M. as he entered the house where his intended cook resided.

She appeared,—a large-formed,—well dressed female, with quite an air of importance. In fashionable life she would have made what is called a showy woman.

"Your terms are?"

"Four dollars a week sir."

"That is more than we have been accustomed to give. My family is not large. Five in the parlor, only; and we have a boy and chambermaid."

"You may hire cooks cheaper, I suppose—but that is my price."

"I will give you two dollars and fifty cents—we have never paid but nine shillings."

"It is of no consequence to talk about it," said madam cook, indignantly. And she swept out of the room with a gesture that might have become Fanny Kemble, when she turned up her nose at the price first offered her by the Manager of the Tremont.

"Let me calculate"—thought Mr. M. as he walked home: "I cannot expect to realize more than fifteen hundred clear, from the profits of my store—it may be less. And now—\$4 per week for a cook—1,25 each, for boy and chambermaid—board of the three \$2 each, at the lowest—is—\$12.50 per week or six hundred and twenty-five dollars the year."

Then, for rent, rates, provisions, fuel, clothing, and all et ceteras for my own family and our parties,—I

have—\$875;—and my daughters want masters, and my wife must, for health's sake, go one journey in the year.

"There must be something wrong in the present fashions of society. An educated man thinks it no shame to do the business of his profession, whatever it may be. I work hard in my store every day. But women who are educated must not put their hand to household employment; though that is all the task we assign to our females. It would degrade a lady to be seen in her kitchen at work. O, how many are now sitting at ease in their parlors, while their husbands, fathers, brothers, or sons, are toiling like slaves—and what is worse than toil, anxiously bearing a load of care lest their exertions should not meet the expenses of their families."

"It cannot continue thus. If women who receive a fashionable education are thereby rendered incapable of performing their domestic duties—why men will marry cooks, by and by, and shun the fashionables as they would paupers."

"Yet it may be the folly and pride of us men, after all. We want the whole command of business, the whole credit of management. We do not communicate to our wives and daughters the embarrassments we suffer, or the need we have of their assistance—at least, co-operation. I will see what effect this confidence will produce."

The two elder Miss Mannings (the youngest is at school) take each her turn in the kitchen every other week, and with the counsel of Mrs. M., and the help of the boy, every thing in the home department, goes on like clock-work. They say that they will never be troubled with cooks again. And, what is better, Mr. M. declares his daughters were never so gay and contented for a month together before, and never had so much time for their music and studies.

Early rising and active employment, for a few hours each day, are wonderful promoters of good health and cheerfulness and leisure is never appreciated, till it is earned by efforts to be useful.—*Ladies Magazine.*

## THE DYING GIRL.

"—Moritur,  
At moriens, reminiscitur dulces Argos."

Stranger! I am dying!  
From this breaking heart  
Life's retreating current  
Slowly seems to part.

Stranger! I am dying!  
Soon this burning brain,  
Which thy kind hand presses,  
Shall not throb with pain.

No more the fearful jarring,  
Of the ponderous wheel,  
This poor wasted bosom  
Thro' each nerve shall feel.

No more the dismal clanging,  
Of the morning bell,  
Shall chase the blissful visions,  
Which gild my lonely cell.

Raise me on my pillow,  
Towards you setting sun;  
See him in his splendor,  
His glorious course is run.

Behind my native mountains  
He will sink full soon;  
But alas! for Mary,  
Her sun goes down at noon.

Stranger! I am dying!  
Close my glazing eye,  
And receive my blessing,  
With my latest sigh.

Listen, stranger, listen,  
Heaven's full of harmony;  
See its bright doors open—  
Joyfully I die.

Earth, with all its sorrows,  
Mars my peace no more;  
Furthest joys await me  
On that blissful shore.

[Lowell Mercury.]

## DOCTOR Q.

Every thing in this age runs to excess, resembling a high-pressure steam engine, which goes on working more and more violently, till the boiler bursts. Exercise! that is now the grand, universal cry, and the want of it the cause of all disorders. This is the prescription of the doctors; and after a man has broken through all the usual habits of his life, neglected his friends, given up his amusements, abandoned reading, and half ruined his business, by delivering himself up to the exertions of a hard-trotting nag, or tramping about town in all weathers, till he is half dead with fatigue, he goes to his physician, who feels his pulse, asks a question or two, rubs his chin and says, "You want more exercise!" More exercise! We have this moment in our mind an unhappy valetudinarian, who, after running the gauntlet of all the physicians and all the systems of physic within his reach; after having tried Graham bread and roasted apples at the instigation of one, and champagne and roast beef on the suggestion of another; now taking a cold bath three times a day, and now deep in mineral waters, hygienic pills, syrups, punctions, plasters, and all the paraphernalia of death and the doctors; at length, lean, worn out, desperate and weak, racked with a complication of new disorders, distrustful science, and doubtful of cure, was introduced to a new member of the learned faculty. Dr. Q.—listened to the full statement of his case; he went into all the details, and it took him three quarters of an hour.

When he had concluded, the doctor inhaled a pinch of snuff and coolly said,  
"Well, what of it?"

The patient started to his feet, with a suicidal gesture.

"What of it, doctor?"

"Yes, what of it? nothing is the matter with you; you have no pain; you will live a hundred years yet; all you want is more exercise!"

"Exercise! doctor. Merciful fathers! I have done nothing else for six months."

"What have you done?"

"Exercised my chest with a pair of dumb-bells."

"Well."

"Walked an hour before breakfast."

"Well."

"Three hours after breakfast."

"Well."

"Rode on horseback three hours before dinner."

"Well."

"A hard-trotting horse."

"Well."

"A very particularly hard-trotting horse, doctor; he was recommended to me on purpose."

"Well, what else?"

"Taken lessons in boxing after dinner."

"Well."

"And in fencing before tea."

"Well, that is tolerably well; how has it affected you?"

"Why, I have caught cold, I have got the tooth-ache and the rheumatism."

"No matter; that is right; go on. Do you practice gymnastics?"

"No."

"You must attend a gymnasium in the evening."

"But, doctor, my business."

"No matter for business; that is the way you city people kill yourselves. What is business to health? what good will business do you when you are in your grave?"

"But I must pay for my bread; support my wife and family; educate my children; I must, if I die for it."

"Ah, that is the way," replied the doctor; "you ask our advice; you refuse to follow our prescriptions; you sacrifice your health to business, and then you wonder why we do not cure you. I tell you, air and exercise, they are the things."

"Sir," said a clerk, entering at the moment with a bank-note, "this note for seven hundred and fifty dollars is due at the Chemical, and Mr. Jenkins says he cannot render the other."

"How late is it?"

"Half past two."

An uncommon clattering in the street now announced a stranger. It was the ostler with the hard-trotting horse; a tall, bony, Roman-nosed animal, with legs unmercifully long. What our friend did, whether he mounted his Rosinante, or went into Wall street about his note, we are not at liberty to reveal. But the doctor took his leave, getting into a gig that moved on easy springs, with a fat cushion inside, and went home to dinner; while we departed, musing on the value of a life which cannot be preserved from dyspepsia except by being exposed to a jail and starvation.

"Lauda mellis dulcedinem quantum potes, qui non gustaverit, non intelligit."—*Augustin.*

"Praise the sweetness of honey as much as you can, he who has never tasted it cannot understand it."

"Are you happy?" said I to my niece.

"No, uncle, I am only gay."

"But you have friends—kind friends—choice books, and a taste for reading them. Time cannot hang heavily on your hands."

"I know it would seem that I ought to be happy, but I am not. I seem to be afflicted by the troubles of my friends; but something prevents me from entering with full satisfaction into their joys."

"But your company is sought and highly appreciated, and when I saw you last evening glittering with jewels, and surrounded by admirers, you seemed happy."

"So I did seem happy, but I was not, and there was a line of poetry, I think it is Pope's, running through my mind the whole evening—it was this:

"And diamonds glitter on an anxious breast."

"Now, Julia, I am amazed. Your friends all think that you are one of the happiest creatures that ever breathed the air. What can damp your joys? Have you some great trouble which you keep concealed from your friends?"

"No, I have no trouble. It is barely this: I have no joys to be damped. The objects which I seek do not satisfy me. The conversation in which I engage is trifling; and even that which is most grave and important seems rapid and useless when I look back upon it. Then, the gay world, I do from my soul loathe. I only become the more sick of it, the further I advance in it."

"But what is the cause of this dissatisfaction with the world?"

"Why, uncle," said she, "I can tell you. I know I am not living for the end for which my Creator made me. Shame and remorse are the disturbers of my peace."

"I was thunder-struck. What, that beautiful, gay, light-hearted creature, wretched,—and that on account of sin!"

"I was absent three weeks, and when I returned she was a devout Christian. I sought a renewal of our conversation. She seemed so grave I thought she could not be happy, and expressed my apprehension that she might be deluded."

"Why, uncle," said she, "do you not know that the deepest waters run stillest? I am satisfied. What a word that is!—yes, satisfied. You cannot understand me but by doing as the Psalmist recommends: *lode and see that the Lord is gracious.*"

"I sought God, and found it as she had said.—*New Orleans Observer.*"

## A. L. HASKELL &amp; CO.

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MATTRESSES—Double bordered Best Spanish Hair, double bordered Russian hair, single bordered Russian Hair—different qualities and prices.

FEATHERS—Best Northern Live Geese, Southern and Western do.; Russian of various kinds—all of which are warranted free from smell and moths.

BEDS—Feather Beds, of different qualities and prices. Bed Ticks, Pillows and Bolsters, ready made.

\* Every article sold, warranted equal to recommendation unless personally attended to, and all favors thankfully received.

## TERMS OF THE HERALD.

1. The HERALD is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum, if paid within two weeks from the time of subscribing. If payment is neglected after this, \$2.50 will be charged, and \$3.00 if not paid at the close of the year.

2. All subscriptions discontinued after the expiration of eight months, unless paid.